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VOLUME NO. 92-ISSUE 23

MAY 1, 1980

Fire claims second hall

While still recovering from the fire which displaced Van Vleck residents last Monday, Hope suffered another blow when fire swept through Van Raalte Hall early this Monday morning, leaving only the walls and the main floor intact.

The blaze was first reported to the fire department at 5:15 a.m., but by the time fire trucks arrived less than five minutes later, flames were spreading through the building at a rapid rate. According to one firefighter who was among the first to arrive, "When we first got here there were flames coming from the first two windows on the (east) side of the building. I'd say the flames were about 10, maybe 12 feet into the air."

A total of four fire trucks, each pumping 1,000 gallons of water per minute on the flames, were unable to control the fire sufficiently.

Hope maintenance worker Steve DeRidder spotted the fire at approximately 5:10 a.m. on his way to work. "About the bottom two floors were on fire," stated DeRidder. "Within about 15 minutes you could see the fire at the front doors and over to the west side of the roof. You could see it go right through the building."

The fire spread very rapidly due to the large amounts of old wood and paper in the building. The east section of the basement, for example, stored the secretarial services, campus mail room, and the school's paper supply.

Once the flames reached the central stairwell, they spread throughout the building in a matter of minutes. By 5:45 a.m. flames had reached the west end of the four-story building. Within 10 minutes the roof on that end had begun to collapse, along with the dormer window on the west wing's north side.

On Tuesday, Holland fire chief L. Marvin Mokma estimated the loss at about \$1,300,000—approximately \$950,000 for the building and an additional \$350,000 for the contents. The cause of the fire, however, had not been determined as of

Tuesday.

Within a half hour of the alarm, extra police were requested to keep the crowds at a safe distance. A major concern for officials was that the burnt brick walls would be sufficiently weakened to collapse.

For most of the first two hours of the fire, large quantities of ash and smoke poured out of the burning building, causing potentially hazardous conditions around neighboring buildings and houses. Firefighters had to spray water onto the roofs of the college-owned Brumler Apartments (a block away) and the newly-roofed Western Theological Seminary to prevent drifting cinders from catching.

The threat of fire became large enough that Public Safety officials went to several nearby cottages, waking residents in case evacuation became necessary. The evacuation, however, never took place.

DeRidder stated that after calling the fire department from Peale, he notified Emery Blanksma, the College's plant superintendent. Other Van Raalte administrators were then awakened and told of the fire.

Hope President Gordon Van Wylen said that, despite his living just across the lawn from Van Raalte, he slept through the event until being awakened by Carl Boss, a Public Safety officer, at about 6 a.m.

Provost David Marker was called around 5:20 a.m. He arrived only a few minutes before his first-floor office caught fire completely. Marker stated that "the faculty personnel files in my office, which is now burning, are not duplicated."

Marker is reported to have had a banner hanging in his office given to him by a local church. The banner, valued highly by Marker, read, ironically, "Life is not in the candle, not in the wick, but in the burning."

Along with faculty files, most of the

student financial aid information was also never duplicated. The extent of the losses in areas such as alumni records, housing assignments for next fall, faculty biographies and photos, and students' career placement files will also depend to a good extent on what can be salvaged from the rubble.

In a morning emergency session of the Van Raalte staff, Van Wylen stated that "the crucial thing is what happened inside the file cabinets. But that will be the

limit of it (what can be salvaged), I'm sure."

While firefighters were trying to control the blaze at Van Raalte, construction workers at Van Vleck Hall were returning from the weekend to begin reconstruction of that hall's roof. Van Vleck suffered a loss by fire last Monday when a painter's blowtorch set fire to its roof. The Van Vleck blaze destroyed both the roof and most of the third floor. Reconstruction began the next day.

Retired vice president reflects on Van Raalte

(Professor of English Emeritus, John W. Hollenbach retired in 1978 after 34 years with the College, serving as associate professor of English, dean of the College, academic vice president, acting president, chairman of the English department, and professor of English. --bjb)

by John W. Hollenbach

When I came to Hope in 1945 as a young English teacher, Van Raalte Hall became my "home" at Hope, and continued as such for the next 27 years. Classroom 206 was my room and my office. There were no faculty offices then. But that was soon to change.

The War had just ended and the GI horde was about to descend, changing the enrollment from 401 in September of 1945 to 1395 in December of 1947. More efficient use of space and of classrooms required some massive changes in old Van Raalte—it was venerable even then, and had already seen many changes in use.

Some three years before, fumes from the chem labs had ceased to permeate the building as the sciences moved to their new Science Building (now Lubbers

Hall). All but Math! Van Raalte 201, with its blackboards covering all the wall space, with the large wooden ball illustrating that great mystery, the sphere (now resting in the hall of the English department in Lubbers, to prove, perhaps, that English profs are not squares), and with the surveying tripods propped in one corner—this room served notice that mathematics remained to challenge the humanities and social sciences for supremacy in old Van Raalte.

But space was at a premium. By second semester, offices had been carved out of ends of big corner classrooms. Two third-floor classrooms were cut up into six small offices, housing 15 teachers (no one except the science faculty had the luxury of private offices). "Steorage" was the second-floor office where four of us English teachers tried in vain to hold private conferences with our students.

Then came the Administrative invasion of Van Raalte. First one, then two, then three of the first-floor classrooms were taken over to house those necessary appendages to a college's operation—the President, the treasurer, the business

(continued on p. 11)

How much Hope after graduation?

by Steve Muyskens

Graduation does not mean leaving Hope behind. There will be alumni days, college publications, and the inevitable requests for contributions to keep alumni in touch with what is happening on campus.

Alumni director Vern Schipper said that they are "constantly looking for ways to relate graduates to current students." With this objective in mind, he said the alumni office schedules a "broad spectrum of activities that relate to different groups." Such activities range from Homecoming to alumni day to alumni dinners scheduled in various major cities.

Contact with alumni begins with the appointment of an alumni board director from each class at the end of the class' junior year. The director serves a three-year term during which he or she attends national alumni board meetings and

represents the class at such functions as Homecoming and commencement weekend, explained Schipper.

Each Hope student's alumni file begins with the yellow sheet sent to all prospective graduates when they register for commencement, said Schipper. "Over the years their folder will start to accumulate data and information" on their activities and accomplishments, he explained.

This information is often included in the Office of Information Service's *News from Hope College* publication, "the most significant instrument in contact with alumni," according to Robert DeYoung, director of the development office at Hope.

Immediately upon completion of his degree, the Hope graduate is placed on a mailing list for the *News from Hope College*, which comes out five times a year. He also receives the annual

president's report. Some academic departments have their own newsletters which they send to their alumni.

Recent graduates may also be contacted by the Admissions Office to talk to high school students interested in Hope, said Schipper.

In the area of fundraising, the Development Office arranges for alumni volunteers to ask other alumni for contributions, said DeYoung. Actual contact might be made by class representatives, phone-a-thons, or the mail. DeYoung said that 1980 graduates can expect to be contacted "right away in the fall."

"Response from recent graduates has been heartwarming," he continued. "Participation is the thing we're looking for. It is meaningful to corporations and foundations to see how we are supported by our alumni."

Schipper said that for recent graduates, "if we can get them on board for the five-, 10-, 15-, and 20-dollar gifts, this still constitutes a large bulk because these are large classes."

Alumni are contacted once a year to give to the "annual fund," but, said DeYoung, "if they forget to give, we'll follow up."

Van Vleck to open in fall; reconstruction has begun

by Keith Grigoletto

The same contractors that toiled over the recent renovation of Van Vleck, Vander Meeulen Builders, are back at work once again after a fire last Monday did untold property damage to residents and their 123-year-old home.

"The damage isn't as bad as we originally thought," said Bill Anderson, vice president for business and finance. "A ballpark figure of the damage costs can be estimated to be around \$200,000 to \$300,000," he added. "That roof is expensive."

Anderson promised that Van Vleck will look the same as it did at the time of renovation. Included in the new restoration will be electrical outlets in the second and third floor halls, a sprinkling system in the attic, and, most important, a new roof constructed of redwood to resist weather. The decorative supports will be put back to aid in keeping its authenticity. The plumbing and heating

aren't too badly damaged, and Anderson said that "students should be able to move in for fall semester."

"Unfortunately, we haven't resolved the problem of insurance," stated Anderson. Members of the Administration will meet with Hope's insurance company shortly to discuss, among other things, plans to continue to do everything possible to help the refugees. An arrangement is being sought whereby Hope's insurance company will represent the interests of Van Vleck residents if their own insurance companies will not. Anderson explained that even though the school is not legally responsible it does retain a moral responsibility. "We will do everything we can to help," said Anderson.

Dedication of Van Vleck Hall will be held during Homecoming festivities in the fall. A re-dedication of the purpose of the College will be held on Alumni Day in May.

SAC holds May Day rest

Hope's traditional period of rest before final exams will commence again this year during the 44th annual May Day activities, to be held on Friday, May 2.

In 1933 the traditional All-Campus Banquet became All-Campus Day. Students attended morning classes in the proper attire for cleaning up the campus that afternoon. All classes were dismissed at noon. Three years later the first May Day queen was crowned.

Now, more than 40 queens later, the Student Activities Committee is preparing for another May Day. "Historically, May Day has always been a time for the women of the junior class," said Dave Vanderwel, associate dean of students; "but all students have the opportunity to participate."

All junior women are eligible for the title of May Day queen. The student body chooses 15 women by popular vote on the basis of attractiveness, personality, character, and activities. A second vote by the student body narrows the 15 to seven; the woman with the most votes becomes May Day queen, and the six runners-up her court attendants.

Sang Lee off to Princeton

by Steve Muyskens

Sang H. Lee, associate professor of religion at Hope since 1970, will not be at Hope in the fall.

"I'm sad to leave Hope College, but I've accepted the position of assistant professor of theology at Princeton Theological Seminary," announced Lee. It was, in his words, a "very hard decision."

"I've had very good relations with colleagues and students here," said Lee. He said he likes the climate of Western Michigan, which is similar to his native Korea. He is also afraid he will not have as many opportunities to go trout fishing in downtown New Jersey.

But despite these considerations and having to give up his tenured position, Lee feels that he can render a service at Princeton. His position at the seminary, he explained, "will allow my educational and personal backgrounds to come

together."

Lee said he specialized in the theology of Jonathan Edwards, a prominent leader in the growth of the Presbyterian church. Princeton, a Presbyterian seminary, needs someone with this background, and, Lee notes, "I will be going back to my own denomination."

Lee mentioned that, during the summers, Princeton wants him to conduct seminars for Asian ministers in this country. "Just about all Asian ministers have gone through Princeton," he said. "It's just something I's called to do." Lee, as the first oriental professor on Princeton's faculty, joked that he was "the first fruit of their 100 years of mission work."

Lee said that the seminary wants him to publish his book on Jonathan Edwards. He also observed that "being on a graduate campus will help in my research."

Future writers meet today

Tomie de Paolo, a nationally known author and illustrator of children's books, will be the featured speaker at the seventh annual Young Authors' Conference, to be held at Hope today.

Sponsored by the Hope Education Department, the conference will involve more than 500 children from private, parochial, and public schools in the Holland, Zeeland, Grand Haven, Allegan, Grandville, Hudsonville, and South Haven areas.

Each child who attends the conference

has been selected for this honor on the basis of some creative writing which he has done and shared with his classmates. During the three-hour morning conference all children will participate in three activities: a sharing period during which they will read their own poetry or story to a small group of their peers, a creative activity time during which the children will be entertained by a mime and involved in puppetry, and a large session led by de Paolo.

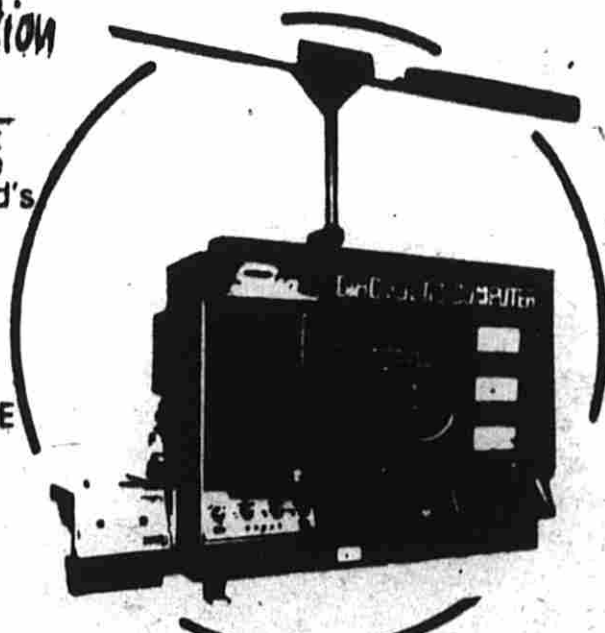


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SCMC places bets Media leaderships handed over

by David Fikse

The heads of the various student media organizations for the 1980-81 school year were recently selected. Doug Buck has been chosen as *Milestone* editor, Betty Buikema as *anchor* editor, and Kirk McMurray as next year's *Opus* editor; Tim Emmet will continue in his present position as WTAS general manager.

The three print media editors were chosen by the Student Communications Media Committee via an application and interview process. Jane Harrington, assistant professor of English and chairperson of the committee (which comprises both students and faculty), commented that the committee "was very pleased with the high quality of the applicants." The WTAS general manager is selected by the radio station's executive council according to its constitution.

The new *Milestone* editor, Doug Buck, views working on the yearbook as a real challenge—one that, while time-consuming, will be well worth it. One of his major goals for the yearbook is an increase in the number of more informal and meaningful pictures. "While the yearbook is a chronicle of the events of a specific year," Buck stated, it "should also attempt to bring back a mood of the way it felt to be a student in that year."

He would also like to see a greater stress on creativity and less on tradition. According to Buck, "If something is done traditionally, it will be done in that manner because it is a good way, not because it is a tradition."

Betty Buikema, 1980-81 *anchor* editor, also has ideas for improvement in her media responsibility. She hopes to maintain continuity by retaining members of this year's staff. Buikema points out that, in her opinion, the *anchor* needs "a more extensive and consistent editorial policy, and a more clearly defined relationship between news and feature." She hopes to include one or two weekly columns and do features focusing on individuals at Hope.

Buikema stated that, as she believes the purpose of a student newspaper to be "to keep students in touch with that news which directly affects their lives as students," she will "limit news coverage to that which is relevant to Hope's

campus." She concluded by expressing her intention to expand the *anchor's* use of investigative journalism, and experiment further with layout and design.

The 1980-81 *Opus* editor, Kirk McMurray, believes that the *Opus* has great potential for entertaining, educating, exposing, and offering incentive. "The *Opus*," stated McMurray, "can, and should, be an organization for the entire college instead of the extension of the English department it often seems to be. To fulfill this potential greater faculty and student participation is necessary."

McMurray pointed out that the *Opus* staff should consist of students from other fields as well as English because of the unique new perspectives they can offer. He would also like to expand the format of *Opus* beyond the traditional poetry reading and the publication of the literary magazine to include contemporary literature discussion groups, workshops for potential writers, and further utilization of the literary resources of the Hope, Holland, and neighboring communities. McMurray theorizes that the potential of *Opus* is "only as limited as we make it."

Tim Emmet, the present and future general manager of WTAS, has an-

nounced his staff for next year. The staff includes John Vassallo, program director; Rich Kennedy, personnel director; Liz Droughy and Sue Guthrie, music department directors; Fred Klindt and Mark Fich, advertising directors; Mark Bajema, news/sports manager; Kevin Worley, business manager; and Todd Erickson, station relations.

Among new ideas for next year's WTAS are a feature artist spot termed Concert Rock, which will occur at least twice a day for 20 minutes to one-half hour and will be publicized, identifying the times of specific artists, to the Hope community. WTAS will continue its noon news and initiate 6 p.m. news, as well as cover basketball games in addition to home football.

Emmet maintained that WTAS will be on the air the day school opens, because of increased organization. During the summer, staff will work on alphabetizing the station's virtual warehouse of records and albums. The summer months will also be spent balancing the lines from the main transmitter to each of the dorm transmitters. This equalizes the lines so that the signals going out will be equal, with the result being a clearer signal.

Miles gives keynote

On Sunday, May 11, approximately 400 seniors will say goodbye to Hope.

Addressing the graduating class at commencement will be Wendell A. Miles, Chief U.S. District Judge for the Western District of Michigan. Miles graduated from Hope in 1938.

Miles' speech will be entitled "Winter Rules."

The baccalaureate speaker will be Dennis N. Voskuil, assistant professor of religion at Hope.

"Beyond Hope" is the subject and title of Voskuil's speech. "We live in an era of despair, discouragement," he said; "it's a tough time to graduate." The Iranian situation is but a little crisis among the larger problems we face, said Voskuil, citing such concerns as nuclear proliferation, the food crisis, population, and energy.

Using the Biblical analogy of Abraham's doubt and skepticism when told he would have a child at 100, Voskuil also notes that Romans 4:18 says that, "in hope he believed."

"I believe that realistically we can look beyond" our present world situation, said Voskuil. "We have to face the real world head on, but with faith." With hope based on God we can face the real world, Voskuil concluded.

Commentary

House losses cause of commotion

by Nancy Torresen

"The Administration is trying to push fraternities off campus," "they are just out to get the frats," "the Administration has taken our houses away," "fraternities are getting screwed by the Administration"—these were frequent responses of Greeks living in the frat complex—Emersonian, Arcadian, Cosmopolitan, and Fraternal—when asked what they thought about the new housing arrangements.

Not so, was Bruce Johnston's response; "if they say we are trying to get them, I say we are trying to get them to take responsibility for the agreement we made."

The agreement made earlier this semester was an 80 percent occupancy contract agreed to by representatives from the frats and from the Administration. The 80 percent figure was reduced from 100 percent and thus a step of co-operative compromise on the part of the Administration. Along with the agreement went an earlier due date for housing contracts and \$50 registration fees.

The frats, because of some late contracts, did not make the deadline, and thus were forced to obtain housing through the lottery system—like everyone else. The channels for an appeal, which Cosmopolitan Doug Gebhard says was a provision of the agreement, were blocked by a complex bureaucratic maze. Nobody seemed to know the whole story of the appeal procedure.

"Why the big outcry?" is the next question, and it is one that is shared by a few fraternity members interviewed. At the housing drawing the frats got all the places they wanted. And it seems that the

frats are suffering from two things: 1) a lot of misinformation and overheated half-truths, and 2) an administration that decided to get a little more hard-nosed about their deadlines.

Bill Godin, a member of the Cosmopolitan fraternity, thought that the Administration's actions were justified. He seemed to think that the next year would be different. He felt that if anything were unfair, it was the inflexibility of deadlines they ran into. This was unexpected because of more accommodating experiences in the past. Chuck Brooks of the Fraternal society agreed with Bodin's statement. Fraternities, however, were not singled out on the "unaccommodating" housing policies. Independents who turned in late contracts met with a stick-to-the-rules housing staff, too.

The rules are designed to make housing assignments fair and efficient. Late contracts would not be an excuse; the housing procedure should not have to accommodate late contracts or contracts on which students requested both a particular dorm and off-campus permission.

The Arcadians apparently had their 80 percent quota, but many members

checked both the frat house and off-campus housing for next year. In that case the cards were filed with off-campus applications to be dealt with by a separate process, and therefore were not counted toward the quota.

What seems to be at the core is the issue of accommodation, and it had widespread ramifications at Hope. The idea of a deadline has lost a lot of impact. Even further than that, Hope has always been a very accommodating place—apologies are often given if a final is cumulative, professors understand an occasional late paper—arrangements can be made to accommodate nearly everyone.

To a certain extent this is great (this story is already past its deadline), but haven't things gone too far when we become incensed when a teacher or administrator does not accommodate us when we were forewarned of the consequences? Consistency may be the key: to find what level of accommodating is appropriate and to stick to that level. If both sides are aware of the rules, make a real effort to abide by their side of the agreement, and understand the consequences of failing to abide, everyone will be happier.

Barthel bids for AMSA awards

Hope freshman Thomas Barthel, of Ridott, IL, has qualified to perform in the national semi-finals of the American Music Scholarship Association.

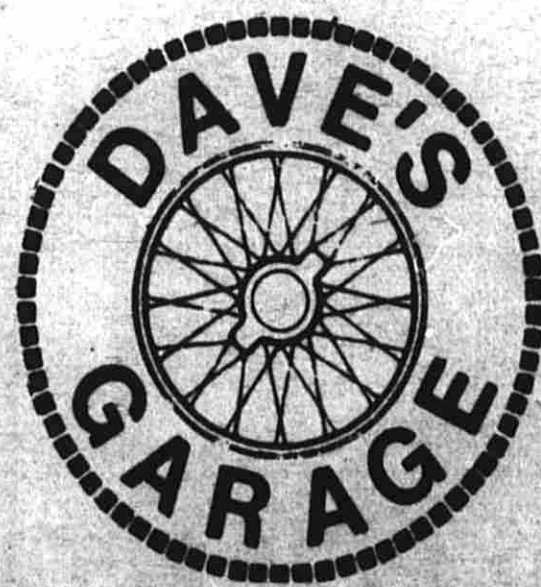
The competition for young pianists will be held in Cincinnati, OH in June. Barthel is a student of Charles Aschbrenner, associate professor of music.

A music performance major at Hope, Barthel is a graduate of Forreton High School.

He was selected after participating recently in regional auditions in Grand Rapids. Two other Hope students, Janine Jabara of Mancelona and Judith Lanning of Grand Rapids, received honors recognition for their performances at the regional auditions. They too are students of Charles Aschbrenner.

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A burning attraction-- all the world loves a fire

What is it that attracts people to a fire? Is it the awesome beauty of destruction? Does it suggest something deeper, maybe inside ourselves?

In a terrible coincidence, Hope witnessed two historic buildings being ruined by the ravages of fire within a week of each other.

anchor editorials

"Wonder what's scheduled next week," one waggish student asked his friend. If misery loves company, disaster loves community. The Van Vleck and Van Raalte fires were well attended.

The Van Vleck fire was stoked with distress. While maintenance workers and firemen did combat, real and student journalists (including both the print and television media) raced about in their efforts to record the event. As one neophyte put it, "For the first time, I felt like a real reporter."

The crowd—mostly students, with a few stray local citizens—found the fire a convenient excuse to skip class. The residents of the building were confused; action that was meant to conserve consumed. Women who had been transferred from the ravaged Kleis Cottage to Van Vleck couldn't help but wonder. By the end of the week, things had cooled down. Renovation was not lost. It was a setback, but they could begin restoration again.

When students first heard of the Van Raalte fire in the early hours of Monday morning, they responded skeptically, "Are you joking?" It didn't seem possible that two major fires could happen accidentally within one week. Rumors started. Arson was suspected. Finals coming up, you know. As spectators began to arrive on the scene, the atmosphere reminded one of a carnival.

Behind the ropes on the

sidelines, the crowd socialized: "Perhaps it's something to do with Dutch names, with 'Van's in front of them." "Why don't they let it burn down? Pull the plug, let it die." Some students wished someone had gotten them up so that they could have caught the fire at its peak.

Then there were the aesthetes. "Try to follow a drop of water from the hose to the windowsill to the wall and watch it tumble." "Is this a remake of *Apocalypse Now* already?" It was at this fire that people had come prepared. They didn't forget their camera this time. Even though the fire department has a staff photographer, one firefighter had also brought a camera. He was preparing an album of fires he'd been in.

Despite the attention of the crowd, there seemed a malaise settling in. Many spectators had been there all day. Was fire becoming commonplace?

The wrecking crane was the climax of the day. People oohed and ahhed as a brick fell here and a support buckled there. Some members of the audience were seen to sway with the boom as it struck the building, giving it a little body english. There was even applause as an especially large section of charred brick came crashing to the ground.

One Public Safety officer offered his explanation of the festive scene: "It's what attracts people to baseball. They're waiting for that one big hit. In this case it's the roof caving in." Even as he said this a group of retired people had just stepped off the Dial-a-Ride and were heading in the direction of the blaze.

Maybe it was because the property damage done to Van Vleck was minimal, that Van Raalte was to be destroyed anyway, and that nobody was hurt in either incident that nobody at the scene took it as seriously as it merited. It's not that we have a tendency toward pyromania; we made the best of our helplessness.



Commitment requires further definition

The hiring of faculty is an understandably long and laborious process. Throughout it, many students and faculty, the provost, and the President, are involved in meeting the candidates. After the final choice has been made by the department hiring, a recommendation is sent to the provost to hire this individual. The provost then makes the final decision.

Candidates being recruited are judged as to whether they evidence certain qualities as outlined in the faculty hiring procedures section of the Faculty Handbook. These qualities insure that any new faculty hired will display excellent achievement, a dedicated desire and ability to teach within the ideals of a liberal education, and an identification with the historic Christian faith. Additionally, they must display a willingness to support the Christian mission of the College.

Faculty hired in recent years have certainly displayed these qualities and have been a valuable contribution to an already strong faculty.

A question is raised here, however, as to the definition of the Christian mission of the College and how it affects the hiring of faculty. What is this mission as established by the Board of Trustees?

Hope is considered distinct in its commitment to this mission, but when many current faculty members don't even know what it is, some of the distinctiveness is gone. The faculty of an institution are said to be its heart, to represent the type of institution it is. If faculty are going to be hired to represent a Christian college, then its mission should be defined, rather

than subject to the personal views of those doing the hiring.

Additionally, does the emphasis on hiring only those sympathetic to this Christian mission preclude hiring a better qualified individual of another faith—qualified in the sense of being a better scholar and teacher? Many superior people may be turned away because of the emphasis on this elusive mission.

Because Hope is a private college affiliated with the Reformed Church it may discriminate on the basis of religion in its hiring. This fact is not questioned, but what Hope must do is define its Christian mission, and then it can truly become distinctive.



For some, fires begin to verge on the routine, but for the great majority there will probably always be something alluring in them. (photo by Steve Goshorn)

Hope college anchor

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The modern college in Dykstra's eyes

by Marti Szilagyi

When one asks D. Ivan Dykstra, professor of philosophy, what he plans to do with his retirement (at the end of this term), one expects a concise response, complete with a set agenda. Instead he replies, "I'm not sure I know what I'm going to do and I'm not sure I'm worried about it."

He admits that he did worry for awhile until it dawned on him that "maybe the definition of retirement is a time when you don't have to plan." Needless to say, he will remain active. Some of his objectives include finishing up some writing, devoting more time to his gardening and woodworking, and perhaps teaching a modern philosophy course here in the fall. He added that he and his wife intend to "duck out of Michigan" during the winter months. He said that he is "looking forward to renewing the acquaintance of retired faculty members, many of whom I greatly respect."

Dykstra commented that he leaves the philosophy department with a "very good feeling." He expressed confidence in the ability of Arthur Jentz and Merold Westphal, professors of philosophy, to run the department. He also remarked that Professor Perovich, of the University of Wisconsin at Milwaukee, should be a welcome addition to the faculty.

Inevitably, the question of Hope's commitment to education entered the conversation. Dykstra's views were affirmative. He noted that the quality of the students here "has gotten better and better in terms of ability and dedication to learning." That sort of attitude helps the "esprit de corps of the faculty," he stated.

Dykstra maintained that the "healthiness of the religious commitment

is one of the College's strengths."

Genuine Christian commitment, he believes, is built into the mental set of the College. Thus, neither is that spirit contrived nor does anyone have to make it happen. The student is not forced into a religious mold, but is left instead with "an honest freedom to critically examine the meaning of Christian faith." He termed this liberal approach "pluralism." Dykstra continued, "Students are free to wrestle with themselves about what it means to be a Christian in the modern world." He spoke of the responsibility every individual shares for examining his beliefs.

Another important issue Dykstra raised was Hope's preservation of liberal arts education in an age where an increasing number of colleges and universities are giving in to the demands for specialization. Dykstra hopes that the College "won't get carried away with the pressures of pre-professional education."

Although Hope has not been traditionally a liberal arts institution, Dykstra sees the trend as a plus for both students and faculty. Such an educational philosophy in action "can make uniquely powerful contributions to the quality of student life," he stated.

Dykstra maintained that during the undergraduate years "students ought to be defined as being persons with a wide variety of potentials and corresponding competencies." It is the function of the graduate schools to provide specialized training. He concluded, "The liberal arts education is the best guarantee that students will become leaders in their professions."

When asked why Dykstra remained here rather than teaching somewhere else, he quipped, "Why should I?"

anchor review

Travels with Updike

by Michael Norris

Problems, 280 pgs., \$10.

At the beginning of John Updike's recent set of short stories, he muses that it has been seven years since such a collection. There must have been some problems, he says. Entitled *Problems*, the volume contains 23 short stories which are vintage Updike—exquisite description with slow narrative, often based on the flimsiest of plots. Some of his stories seem to have been exhumed from some lost novel. Others capture the ennui of middle-class life with a detail missing from other contemporary writers who are next-door neighbors in intelligent soap opera.

With *Problems*, solipsistic tendencies have become more pronounced. With this book coming on the heels of his African novel *The Coup* and *Here Come the Maples*, a paperback of re-issued stories that was turned into a television movie, it was thought that Updike was about to undergo a transition.

The fact that the stories in *Problems* are familiar is no curse. Many of them are reminiscent of earlier stories. "The Gun Shop" would make a nice companion piece to "Pigeon Feathers"; each deals with the purpose of guns and their function in interrelations—real and metaphorical, among other things. "Transaction" is a sexual business dance that would do Amy Vanderbilt proud in its attention to protocol.

"Separating" is a story that has been getting much deserved praise. The dissolution of family is difficult subject matter for a short (15 pages) story to cover. Updike's nuance builds upon being re-read.

"The Man Who Loved Extinct Mammals" is possibly too cute. Updike puts his foot in his mouth in this affirmation of a journal article: "Feet and teeth provide us with most of our information about an extinct mammal's mode of existence . . ." Of course, Sapers thought. They are what hurt. This is also true of the title story, "Problems," and the opening one, "Commercial." The first sets up irresolvable story problems with "helpful hints" and "extra credit," while the latter utilizes studio set directions in an advertisement for . . . well, it's left for you to decide.

The stories presented are much more stylized than we are used to from Updike. Where are the delicate mannerisms of "A & P," "Lifeguard," or the Olinger stories? Bombastics have replaced an earlier poignancy.

Updike's output has been impressive. He has produced voluminous work: novels, short stories, poetry, plays, essays, and criticism. This publication will not mar his reputation, but neither will it enhance it to any degree. "Problems" is a fun outing; one wishes the companion were more subtle.

anchor review

Thomas sings mellow message

Well, folks, it's quiz time. Who sang this song in the movie *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*?

Raindrops keep falling on my head,

And just like the guy whose feet are too big for his bed . . .

No, it wasn't Alice Cooper. It was B.J. Thomas. Dead giveaway. Now try this one. Who sings this song on an album called *For the Best*?

Cause when the mountains begin to crumble

and the fire begins to fall

and it's all gonna go up in smoke y'all

Be it great, or be it small

without Jesus, without Jesus,

without Jesus

You'll have nothing at all . . .

Yes, this is the chorus from a song on B.J. Thomas' latest album. This album is the fourth album that he has put out since he became a Christian. As in the others, most of the songs on this album are about his new life as a Christian, with titles such as "Walkin' on a Cloud," "Everything Works Out for the Best," "The Faith That Comes From You," and "Everyday Man." The lyrics do not raise any eyebrows. On most of the songs it is quite clear who the "You" is. However, in some of the songs, a listener unaware of Thomas' conversion could very well mistake the songs as drooling love songs. For example, in "Nashville," written by

Doug Howell, the lyrics go . . . but you're still here at two

in the morning

trying to get through to me

and oh so tenderly

I can hear you say

Follow me I've been there

before you

and I know it's not easy to die

but I will be walking beside you . . .

That could wrinkle some eyebrows.

Musically, those who have heard and like Thomas' other Christian albums will

also like this one. For those unfamiliar

with Thomas' music (the songs he sings

would be a more accurate way of putting

it, since he does not write the songs) the

music is not of the hard-rock variety,

neither is it of the type normally sung in

church on Sundays. Most of the music

would be most accurately described as

upbeat mellow rock.

This album was produced by Chris

Christian under the MCA/Songbird label.

Accompaniment was smoothly provided

by a wide variety of instruments, ranging

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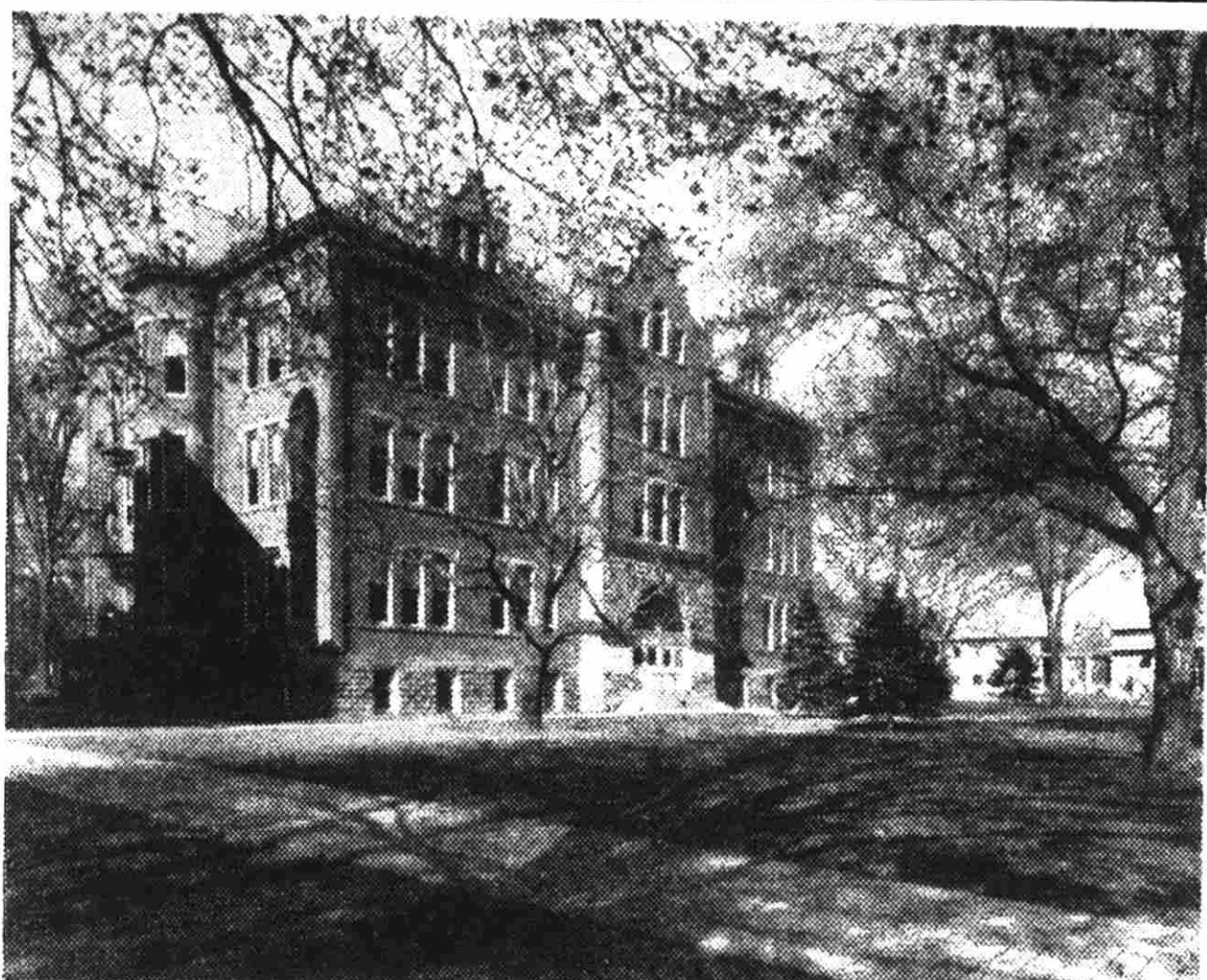
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With the roof and third floor already collapsed, firefighters found they could do little more to save the building. By the end of the fire, the roof, third floor, and second floor all ended up on the main floor. Eaves falling (sparks at bottom of building) due to the lack of support from the collapsed roof were feared to be an omen of falling walls also due to a lack of support and the effect of immense heat on old brick and mortar.

Police were posted throughout the night in order to keep spectators away from the walls.



BEFORE--Van Raalte Hall as it stood only a week ago. The structure was built in 1902.

Hall leads varied life for almost eight decades

by Clark Goding

Construction began on Van Raalte in 1902, and the building was dedicated in the fall of 1903. During its 77-year history, it has housed lecture halls, science laboratories, the old Kletz cafeteria, and, most recently, the major administrative offices.

The *Milestone* of 1909-1910 had this to say: "Van Raalte Memorial Hall was dedicated and occupied September 16, 1903. In it are located the Chemical, Physical, and Biological Laboratories, lecture rooms devoted to Physics and Chemistry, Biology, Greek, Modern Languages, Education, Biblical instruction, English, and Mathematics. A large Assembly Room and the Museum are located on the third floor."

It was named after the founder of Hope and Holland, the Reverend Albertus C. Van Raalte, who led a group of settlers from the Netherlands in 1847, and established a school that would later, in 1866, be chartered as Hope College.

Built at a cost of \$29,000, the hall served as the main classroom building of the College until the completion of the science building (now Lubbers Hall) in 1942. At that time the science departments moved to the new building, and classroom space in Van Raalte was put to use by other departments.

The open stairwell and other hazardous features of the building gave the state fire marshal reason to order the College to

comply with the fire regulations in December of 1969. The college board of trustees asked for and received an extension, and soon after decided to renovate the building as office space because, according to a May 1970 *anchor*, "fire regulations for office space are not as demanding as those for classroom space, and thus renovation could be less extensive and less costly without compromising safety."

During the fall of 1970, a decision was made by both the board of trustees and Clarence H. Handlegten, college treasurer and business manager, to remodel Van Raalte into office space. This plan was to be completed as soon as classroom space was completed in Peale Science Center. In 1972 the last classes were held in Van Raalte Hall. The decision to not hold classes in Van Raalte was hastened by the collapse of a suspended ceiling in a classroom in November of 1972.

Since the building was converted into office space, the top two floors have been vacant except for occasional storage. There had been talk about the possibility of moving the offices to a new building, but members of the Administration had resigned themselves to a long stay in Van Raalte. In fact, at a faculty meeting this past fall, Gordon J. Van Wylen, President of the college, joked that he intended to walk out of Van Raalte on the day of his retirement.



After fighting the blaze since 5:15 a.m., firemen begin to return to the station as the next shift appears. Firefighters were watching the building and dousing spot fires until close to midnight Monday. (photo by Steve Goshorn)



AFTER--Shortly after 2 p.m., crowds gathered to watch the beginning of Van Raalte's end. A wrecking ball was taken to knock out the walls so that recovery of the school's safe and investigation into the cause of the fire could begin.

Years of records lie in ashes

by Doug Deutch

The loss of students' records resulting from the fire in Van Raalte is serious, but may not be as great as originally anticipated. This was the consensus of many administration officials as they began assimilating all available information from the computer in the physics-math building. This data will be combined with the copies of many records kept on microfilm in a gypsum mine near Grand Rapids. Additionally, as officials began sifting through the ruins of the building, many intact filing cabinets were removed with most of the files still in good condition.

Bill Anderson, vice president for business and finance, noted that "the toughest area of loss is in the financial aid department." All student files were contained in the office and are potentially lost. "We won't be able to reconstruct these files," stated director of financial aid Bruce Himebaugh. The only information contained in the computer, Himebaugh believed, was the 1979-80 financial aid information.

In addition to current students' records, the information lost includes copies of the incoming freshman financial aid offers, Financial Aid Form evaluations from the College Scholarship Service, and Basic Education Opportunity Grant app-

plications. Also destroyed were the documents on total aid available to all students.

Himebaugh noted that two-thirds of all FAF forms had been returned; these may include those for students who have already received an acknowledgement from the CSS or mailed their form prior to two weeks ago.

The important question, Himebaugh said, is "if we will have to start fresh or can... recreate the lost information." Steps are currently being taken to contact the Department of Education, the CSS, and the BEOG program to inquire as to whether they can reproduce the information previously sent to the College. To help in the process of reconstructing their files, Himebaugh encourages any student who kept his or her financial aid information to bring a copy to him. The process of recreating these records comes at the time when the department was beginning to evaluate the financial needs of students returning next year.

"Financial awards usually are sent the second or third week of each June," Himebaugh said. "I cannot predict when the awards will come out now."

Assistant registrar Diane Hichwa believes that the efforts involved in putting together students' academic records will not be as involved as that of

financial aid. The information which can be supplied currently from the computer includes a student's year at Hope, the number of credits taken to date, and their GPA. This data goes back to 1976. The names of individual courses taken are kept on microfilm and stored with the other microfilmed records near Grand Rapids.

"The current plan," according to Hichwa, "is to reproduce a hard copy of this film and combine it with the information from the computer to recreate all the transcripts within two weeks." This may not be necessary, however, if the three fireproof filing cabinets containing the current transcripts are recovered intact.

Any information received by the office since last September and up to the past Friday was entered on the computer. This includes registration records for May term and next semester.

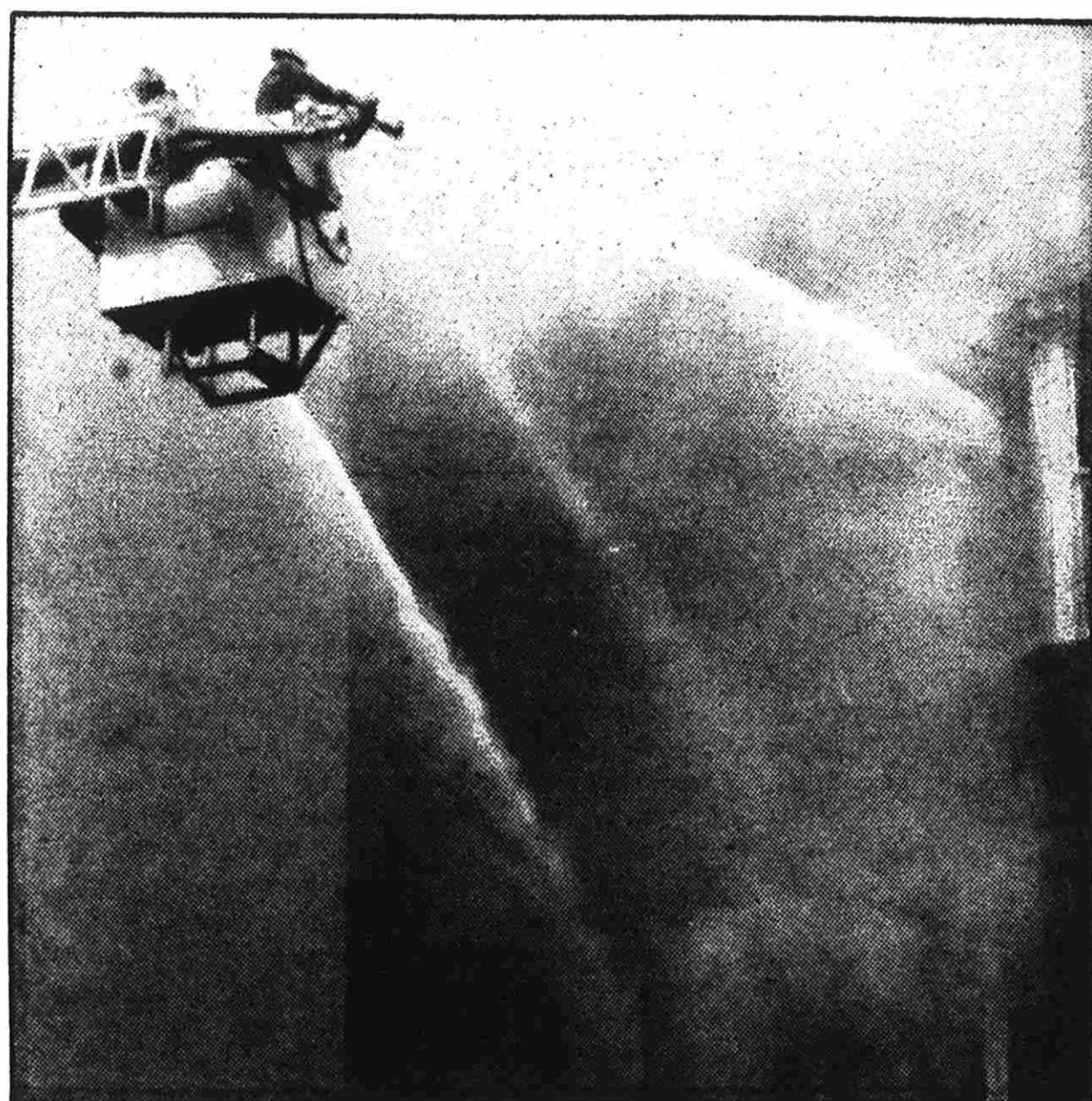
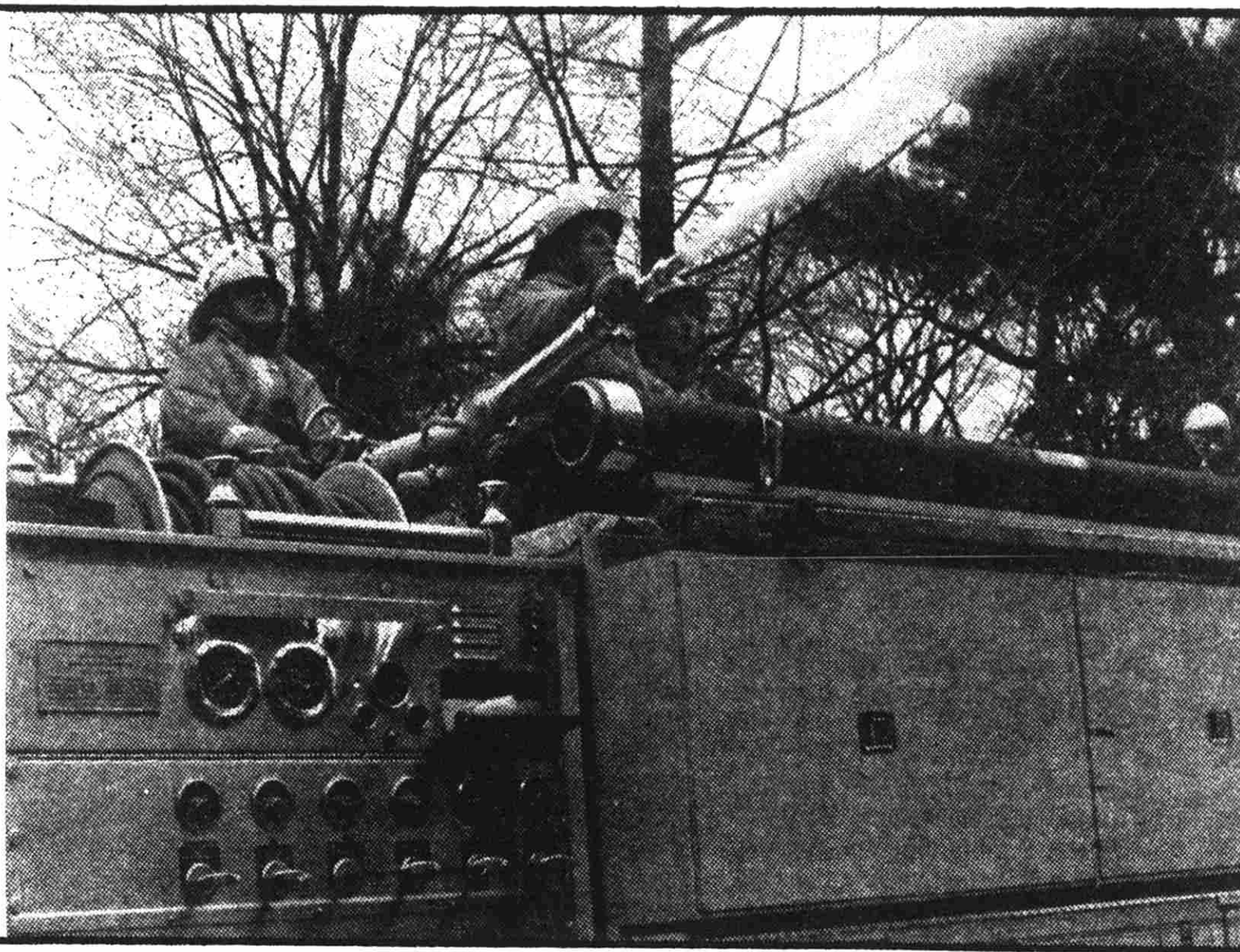
Specific things lost include records of recent transactions, waiting lists for next semester's classes, waivers and exceptions granted to students, and addresses of where to send diplomas for graduating seniors. Because of this, graduates will probably not receive their diplomas for an additional two or three weeks.

(continued on p. 12)



President Gordon Van Wylen begins to check over recovered files pulled from the rubble Monday afternoon.

Firemen stationed on the north side of Van Raalte Hall began spraying water into the building before dawn and did not stop until approximately twelve hours later. Four trucks were stationed at each side of the building, each truck pumping 1,000 gallons of water per minute. Over nine hoses total were used to combat the blaze. Despite the great amount of water consumed by the fire, water pressure and water supply were no problem; water was pumped in from Lake Michigan, and, as one firefighter said, "Lake Michigan's full of water." (photo by Steve Goshorn)



Smoke was one of the biggest troubles for neighboring areas. The smell of smoke was clear as far one mile away. Smoke was also a problem for firefighters when one man was temporarily overcome by it. (photo by Lora Rector)

Hope copes under fire

Within four hours of the Van Raalte fire's beginning, senior administrators were meeting in the Phelps conference room to set up contingency plans.

With the statement "this is certainly not ultimate wisdom at such short notice," President Gordon Van Wylen opened a 9:50 a.m. meeting with all Van Raalte staff members to give locations of temporary quarters and to brief the personnel. Among some of the problems which had to be dealt with were paper supplies, copying facilities, payroll, and mail and message distribution.

Van Wylen announced that the commencement tickets had been destroyed, but that new ones had been ordered. He also noted that student payroll had been generated before the fire, and that student checks, therefore, would be out on time. Van Wylen further stated that "the computer will be a life-saver," since copies of many of the destroyed files were kept in the computer in the physics-math building.

By the end of the day, the administrators had begun setting up anew in various areas of the DeWitt Cultural Center. Tables were moved in, with construction paper signs above them identifying the "office" beneath. Several

offices per room have been set up in many places.

Upon the opening of the offices in the DeWitt Center on Tuesday, file cabinets, folding tables, and typewriters began to arrive at a steady flow—tables and chairs were obtained from maintenance storage; filing cabinets were bought from Fris; and other equipment was obtained from donations, from other departments, and from administrators' homes. Phone hook-ups had also been installed in some of the new makeshift offices. Stationary and envelopes had been ordered within hours of the fire.

The Van Raalte mailboxes are presently being replaced by paper bags labelled with ballpoint pen; maintenance is working on building mailboxes to replace the bags.

According to Dave Vanderwel, associate dean of students, one prospective student was so overcome with the organization involved in handling the situation that he decided at that moment to attend Hope. Despite the quick set-up of temporary locations, however, little could be done by the Van Raalte staff on Monday. Administrators felt at a loss, since as yet there was virtually no office equipment to work with.

Elder: surviving life through giving of self

by Robert Elder

When a student asked me to write "last words to the class of 1980" I immediately said "yes." Too quickly perhaps, because my first attempt consumed seven hours, two drafts, and portions of three days, was frustrating, and produced what, to my mind, was a less than satisfying result. Despite misgivings, I packed it among my belongings in preparation for a return to Holland at the end of my spring vacation. I had every intention of submitting it to the *Anchor* on my return, but conscious intentions are one thing, unconscious decisions, another. Upon arriving home, I just couldn't find that draft anywhere, and have still not allowed myself to remember where I packed it.

As I begin my second attempt, I write under a time constraint, but hope that what comes out is somehow, some way, more personally edifying than before. I cannot help at the outset recalling to you that sage who said, "He who speaks does not know, and he who knows does not speak." Let the fact that I have not sworn myself to secrecy or left teaching long ago be sufficient warning of the probable fallibility of what you are about to read. My message to you, the class of 1980, follows.

I. For the past four years you have lived in a world which revolved totally around yourselves. This lifestyle was helping you to set a course independent of parental

apron strings. The adjustment has not been all fun and games. But it has been a predominantly self-satisfying existence. You now need to look outside yourselves, putting others (friends or family) or a significant other (spouse, lover, child, God) before yourself. If you do you will discover a new and sometimes painful kind of growth that can make you a more complete person. The ability to move from yourself to others will be easier if you have been fortunate enough to have received in the past, or receive in the future, the affirmation of significant others. If you are thinking, "I have already been stretched, grown, and know myself as a result of relationships during the past four years," you are only partially correct. Your greatest stretchings involving marriage and children, job, church, and P.T.A. are yet to come.

II. Societies need support, just like individuals. They cannot be whole without some degree of patriotism, unity, and commitment on the part of individuals who comprise them. Today, American society needs your dedicated commitment. Recent generations of Americans have indulged in a "me first" binge of major proportion. What is now needed is the good sense and personal courage to accept (yes, demand) economic policies of our political leadership which hurt us financially in the short run, but are the only answer to problems of inflation, lowered investment and productivity, over the long haul.

Educate yourselves (read a daily newspaper) to the necessity for this sacrifice. Stop being "me first" Americans. As John F. Kennedy once said, "Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country."

III. Please realize that supporting the long-term interests of your society or living a life big enough to include others is not the same as living your life in accordance with what you think others want you to be or become. You are, each of you, persons once created and forever unique. You will be happier and better able to show concern for others if you pause briefly to uncover those parts of yourself that you have been forced to neglect up to this point in your life (either as on report cards, sorority sisters, family demands, team victories, or your church). You have been, and you will always be, in the position of being evaluated by others. Often these assessments have been made in terms of the interests of a particular group or institution, and were not in your own best interest.

It is important that you develop your own criteria for success or failure and be as true to those criteria as a human being can be. There will be times when you fail by your own standards. There will be many more when despite your best efforts at personal independence you continue to allow others to define what you think you should become, or how you ought to behave. A success defined by

others, unless it reflects your true being, can be painful, lonely, and incomplete. Many a midlife crisis, I suspect, reflects this belated discovery. The institutions you will work for or serve will not help you to make these distinctions.

I wish I could leave you with feelings of confidence about a secure and happy future, not in doubt. But, I cannot promise you a tulip patch, let alone a rose garden. I can tell you that so far, for myself and those I observe around me, life's pitfalls are many and deep. Few of you will survive unscarred. Many of you will only survive. Some of you will not even manage that.

Give yourself to significant others and your own society. Reject the mods of life which include the unthinking acceptance of success criteria or ways to behave defined by others. Come as far as is possible to an understanding of who you think you are and what you think you believe. I would suggest that the above makes life, if not always pleasant, at least an adventure and an opportunity for growth. I know outwardly secure 21-year-olds who are already emotionally and intellectually calcified. Two years ago I met a woman who at age 94 retained a marvelous hopefulness, resilience, and capacity for growth. God grant each of you this special gift: to become and to remain until your separate ends as life-affirming and hopeful as she.

Clay: a call to freedom from facades

by Robin Clay

Why me, Lord? Why did you have to make me a woman in a society that deifies my gentle side, in order to make me seek shelter in dependency?

Want to know why I identify with seething anger in the heart of a black man or woman? Because the coquettish smile of my sisters is as much a sign of slavery as ever was the shamefaced shuffle of an Uncle Tom. They both say, "I aim to please," not "I aim to be!"

My high school years coincided with J.F. Kennedy's presidency. Small, rural high school. Picture it for yourselves: not much interest in classes; the big things were football and basketball. In fact, they were the only weekend entertainment for most families. Not being a natural 200-lb.

athlete, I had to look around for something else to do or be. To be a student was not the most popular option. In order to avoid being socially ostracized, one had to make those good grades appear effortless—as if it couldn't quite be helped.

Getting back to the issue . . . Since my sex disqualified me from varsity teams in spectator sports, what else could I do? That's it! I could be a cheerleader, or join the drill team, or play in the pep band—better yet, do all three, switching off with the season. So what if I didn't really see the point of it all! How else would people—especially guys—find out that I was really an OK person? Make posters; shout those slogans: Beat 'em, kill 'em, put 'em in their graves!

Oh yes, there were a few other things to do—like the debate team, or Mock United

Nations, or art shows, or instrumental recitals. But then I couldn't count on any guys taking an interest in me because they might appreciate my devastating precision in scoring a debating point, or clever strategies in chess, or brilliant notes on the trumpet. No! Those cut too blatantly across the expected grain of "sugar 'n spice and everything nice!"

So, who cares? What's the point? That's life . . . isn't it? Everyone knows that girls are supposed to wait, to hope, to watch and applaud the action from the sidelines. Boys do. They ask, dare, lead, plan ahead, and take risks. The most a girl can get away with is a blushing or brazen hint, but never the direct approach. The message is clear: conceal who you are beneath a sweet, malleable, suggestable, and above all "can you help

little ole me?" facade.

The only trouble with that game of deception is that sometimes I may fool myself as well. Maybe I can't really be a doctor; besides, think of all that time in lab and behind the books when I could be dating or having kids.

Sometimes the pressures not to break out of that mold are more subtle. I may remind myself that, after all, my drive to excel will certainly inconvenience other people as well, including my family. Why can't I just be humble and accept what comes my way? Maybe it's just overgrown pride that drives me.

No! I will be me! Let the other girls worry about whether they have dates this weekend. This child of John Kennedy's call, Simone Weil's act, and Martin Luther King's vision—she will not be turned aside by the silly antics of the "dating game." Sure, I like to cook and sew, and even to look pretty, but not if the price I have to pay is missing the call to a higher road and the struggle along the way!

So, for long periods of time—months, perhaps years—I (and even you) can forget what it is to be a "nigger." I can go my own way, get those classy diplomas, go places and dare to do things my grandmother and even my mother could never have dreamt of doing. But eventually, something makes me look again in the mirror and see there a "nigger's" face.

That mirror may be the pain of seeing another woman assuming the blame for every trouble in her marriage. She has turned herself inside-out with apologies for openly, uncontrollably rebelling against the indignity of conforming to her husband's views of "a woman's place." That mirror may be the overwhelming sadness that fills me when I see schoolgirls hopelessly waiting for someone to call for a date. Or I catch a

(continued on p. 10)

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Cohen: a revolutionary world of rapid change

PAGE 9

MAY 1, 1969

by William Cohen

If one thing is certain about the world you will be entering when you graduate from Hope College, it is that it will be a world marked by rapid change. Ever since the Industrial Revolution, the pace of both technological and social change has been rising at an accelerating rate. Barring some major catastrophe, this pattern will almost certainly continue for some time to come. I want to say some things about coping with the challenge of living in such a changing world. Before I do, however, I want to take the vague concept of a rapidly changing world and make it concrete for you.

I am not a seer and I cannot foretell the future. I do not know what changes will occur in your lifetime. I do know that in my lifetime the world has changed far more than I ever dreamed it would. I am only about 20 years older than most of you, and yet when I entered this world, society had neither television, nuclear energy, computers, semi-conductors, nor space travel. Today we take all these things for granted and, in big ways and small, they have changed the way we live and the way we think.

Social and political changes often lag

behind scientific innovation, but here too there have been enormous changes in my lifetime. Among the things that have occurred in this span were the rise and fall of Hitler's Third Reich, the end of western colonialism, America's rise to a position of great dominance in world affairs, and quite possibly the eclipse of America's dominant position in world affairs. Here in the United States in the years since 1945 we have virtually ended legalized segregation. It is difficult to realize that only 40 years ago not only were blacks separated from whites in areas like public transportation, but they were also separated and segregated even in church. Forty years ago it would have been hard to imagine a world in which most married women go out to work, where contraception is widely available and publicly discussed, where abortion is legal, and where one out of three marriages ends in divorce.

I am sorry to have gone on with this little history lesson at such length, by it's the only way I have of suggesting the magnitude of the changes that I think lie ahead for us (the past is not always a very good guide to the future, but it's the only guide we have).

How will rapid change affect you? The answer depends on the nature of the changes themselves. It is clear, however, that these changes (or proposed changes) will pose major challenges both to your intellect and to your values. In the near term, you will live in a world where our society gropes toward decisions about energy, about the economy, about the legitimacy of creating life in test tubes, and about some of the genetic engineering which is emerging from DNA research. Though they may seem distant from you, these are matters which in a long-term sense will have a direct bearing on your personal well-being, as well as on the health of society as a whole.

Though you may never be called to vote directly on any of these issues, your views will count. Policy makers do consider public opinion. That is one reason why all nuclear construction was temporarily halted in the wake of Three Mile Island, and it is also one reason why such construction has been permitted to resume. Beyond simply being a passive part of public opinion, you can, on the issues that mean the most to you, become an activist and work to reshape the views of those around you. How do you make up your

mind on the kind of public issues I have been describing? Is the education you have been getting over the past four years going to be helpful? At first glance it wouldn't seem so. Let's say you were trying to decide whether to support the further expansion of nuclear power. Only a handful of you have had the opportunity to learn about nuclear physics in any depth. So what have you learned that can be of any use? The answer is: plenty.

I am not talking here about the kind of concrete information you diligently write down in your notebooks. That is quickly forgotten. I am talking about the principles and themes which underlie the idea of a liberal education. If your teachers have done their jobs well, over the years you have come to understand that the process of making decisions has two closely interrelated dimensions: critical evaluation on the one hand and moral choice on the other.

The two dimensions are closely interwoven, for it is the process of evaluating information critically which allows you to arrive at a reasonable approximation of factual truth, and it is your value system which determines

(continued on p. 10)

Cronkite: science's strong ties in the arts

by Donald Cronkite

"The movements of the stars have become clearer; but to the mass of the people the movements of their masters are still incalculable."

--Bertolt Brecht, *The Life of Galileo*

I came to Hope in part because the science program was reputed to be strong, but also in part because the biology students I met when I came here to interview took me to the art gallery after lunch. "Those are the students I've been looking for," I thought, little suspecting the fairly advanced cases of scientophobia (and humanitophobia) I would find among some of my faculty colleagues. Imagine my disappointment when one of my fellow faculty members--in the arts--during a discussion in the Kletz, tuned to me and asked, "Have you ever heard of Eugene Fodor, the famous violinist?" The tone of the question and the context of the discussion suggested that my being a scientist raised the good possibility that I might not even have heard of violins.

The view that remark represents, that scientists are culturally akin to the Visigoths, results in part from the inevitable way specialists allocate their time primarily to their own specialties. But it goes beyond that, because any number of my colleagues in the arts and humanities believe that at least when they are engaged in their specialties they nevertheless rest in the tradition of Western Culture. Scientists, on the other hand, by the very nature of what they do, are involved in quite another kind of pursuit, perhaps inimical to culture, at the very least not contributing to it. In this view, the main reason we have a little science in the core curriculum is the same reason most of us pay attention to crabgrass: it won't go away by ignoring it.

My own view is otherwise. I am a scientist who thinks science is part of the liberal arts, not just something liberal arts students should know about. Science is a creative, liberating, social, humane discipline akin fundamentally to other disciplines such as music, literature, history, or philosophy.

This, of course, is not at all an original view. Twenty-four years ago C.P. Snow in *The Two Cultures* and Jacob Bronowski in *Science and Human Values* were claiming the same thing. But originality is hardly called for when 24 years go by and learned men and women (some of them even scientists) persist in the belief that scientists are difficult to distinguish

from their instruments. In the spirit of one last chance, let me state my version of the view of Snow and Bronowski in the hope that at the very least some of my students will be freed from the tyranny of stereotypes held by their teachers.

Science is a creative discipline. At a recent organ concert in Dimnent Chapel, I was struck that both scientists and musicians use instruments. An organ console even looks like a scientific instrument. But the resemblance goes beyond superficial similarities. The word "instrument" apparently is derived from a Latin word meaning "build upon," and both composers of music and scientists use their instruments for the purpose of building, of exploring the creative possibilities of a situation. Some limits are imposed upon us by the characteristics of the instrument. Other limits are imposed on the composer by a whole tradition of what is considered permissible (Baroque, Romantic, or Jazz traditions, for example). In a similar way, scientists work within traditions which impose limits on what we think about and how we formulate our questions. We call these traditions "theories" (quantum theory, atomic theory, chromosome theory, evolutionary theory), and most of the time we agree to work within their framework. It is interesting that musicians call their rules "theory" as well.

But then, given these limits of instrumentation and tradition, we create; we put things together in new ways that sometimes are appreciated by other musicians and scientists and sometimes are rejected. Every scientist has had the experience of suddenly seeing, usually when least expecting experience, not unlike that which composers must have.

Science is a liberating discipline. Of course, in the most practical way, science has freed us from dangers that exist in the structure of the natural world. It is a valuable thing for Pasteur and his predecessors to have developed the germ theory of disease. It is a valuable thing that Dr. Brady can tell us how to identify a Brown recluse spider. That is how science as a liberating activity is usually sold, and of course it won't wash altogether. We all know that we have

been freed from smallpox, but have become slaves to the bomb. My claim for the liberating nature of science comes less from the fruits of its discoveries than from characteristics of the activity itself. Scientists are contrary people. They spend their lives challenging the ideas they and others have created, and successfully destroying most of the ideas at that. Only a contrary person would insist that germs cause disease when everyone knew that it was bad air or evil spirits. Only contrary people would claim DNA was the genetic material when it was

obvious to the scientific community that the gene was made of protein. Most important, however, is that scientists go beyond being contrary to encouraging the behavior in their students and colleagues. And when you adopt contrariness as acceptable behavior, you have to adopt tolerance as well. Scientists (as scientists) are intolerant of dishonesty, of shabby work, and of imprecise explanations, but they are magnificently tolerant of ideas. It is this toleration of the contrary that is essential for the func-

(continued on p. 10)

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Cronkite's wish for arts

(continued from p. 9)

tioning of science. When that toleration is taken away, as in the case of Galileo in the early 17th Century or in the case of Soviet genetics in our own, science is no longer possible.

Science is a social discipline. More than 90 percent of all the scientists who ever lived are alive now. I cite that figure to emphasize a fact about modern science. Some of our predecessors of past centuries may have worked in splendid isolation. But we do not. We are a fairly large community of men and women who are constantly communicating with one another. For scientists, "publish or perish" is not an artificial requirement imposed by publicity-seeking administrators—not that alone anyway. It is a statement of what is required for the life of science. Our ideas must be exposed to the view of our peers, scrutinized, argued about, and refined or rejected.

There are two things my students in upper-level biology classes complain about most about what I do. They wish I would not pay so much attention to their writing ("teach biology, not English!"), and they wish they did not have to learn the names of all those people who did the experiments and created the ideas we are studying. Yet those things have to be taught. They are biology, just as much as the taxonomic classification system (of Linnaeus) and the structure of DNA (of Watson and Crick). The social nature of science requires clear, unambiguous communication with fellow scientists. That makes my emphasis on English rather a minimal requirement for biologists. German or Japanese wouldn't hurt either. Scientists must also recognize that the ideas they are learning come from people, not textbooks.

Learning the names of other people in one's community is at least polite, but more than that, an acknowledgement of the debt we owe those other people.

Science is a humane discipline. I mean by a "humane discipline" one that allows us to exercise those civilizing and refining qualities of humanity. Creativity, toleration, accurate social discourse, and a recognition of our mutual dependence are for scientists not just pleasant things to do. They are essential if science is to function at all.

There is a tendency in critiques of science to focus on atomic bombs, energy shortages, pollution, and ugly cities as the fruits of the scientific enterprise. My own view is that we are visited with these curses because of a failure of the values of science to permeate our society as readily as have the things of science. It is not so much particle physics that should be held responsible for the atomic bomb or organic chemistry that should be held responsible for PBB pollution as it is a group of people more enchanted with results than how things are done and less cognizant of the multiple debts we owe our fellow humans than the debts we charge the world for our existence. If this really were my last chance to speak to my students (and I hope that it is not), I would tell them to work at being better scientists of the humane sort I have described.

As I read this essay over again it occurs to me that my colleagues in the arts and humanities might have a certain reaction to it. They might well say that they saw nothing particularly remarkable in what I had to say, that it was merely a description of what they themselves do. My reply would be that that is just the point.

Cohen--value history

(continued from p. 9)

what you do with the "facts" you have gathered. All the true facts in the world do not obviate the need for moral choice in cases where there are risks and benefits, and all the moral righteousness in the world is no substitute for getting your information straight.

Closely related to all this is the need to keep an open mind and to cultivate a genuine respect for the views of others. I am not talking here about the shallow open-mindedness which slops over into relativism and which claims that we are all simultaneously right no matter how much we disagree. Nor am I talking about an open-mindedness which leaves us perpetually uncertain as to what we believe. What I am talking about is the kind of open-mindedness that comes from the strength of knowing we have previously examined our beliefs and values as carefully and rigorously as we can and that comes also from the

humility of knowing that we are human and, therefore, fallible. It is the kind of open-mindedness that will allow us to retreat, even from cherished basic values, if we can be convinced that we have really been wrong, but it is also the kind of open-mindedness which will never allow us to "go along in order to get along." And that may be the hardest thing you have to do in the years ahead: to say NO, I won't go along just to be known as a nice guy, I won't go along just to get a raise, I won't go along just to get a better job.

No matter how much the world changes, these traits of open-mindedness, strength of moral conviction, and an ability to evaluate critically ought to serve you well. For, in my view, it is these things which will enable you to make the best decisions you can, for yourselves and for the rest of society as well. I wish you the best.

Clay calls for freedom

(continued from p. 8)

glimpse of my image in the mirror when I am reminded by a service club's policy of "no women allowed." But I also experience the same pain of knowing when I see a man whose sensitive personality has been warped to fit the acceptable mold of "Whitey, Macho"—the tough manipulator.

So far, this hardly fits the mold of a "graduation wish." Let my last word to seniors be one which grows out of the searching, upsetting, transforming Word of God:

"It is through faith that all of you are God's daughters and sons in union with Christ Jesus. You were baptized into union with Christ, and now you are clothed, so to speak, with the life of Christ himself. So there is no difference between Jews and Gentiles, between slaves and free men, between men and women; you are all one in union with Christ Jesus" (Gal. 3:26-28).

Is that what it really says? No difference between Whitey and his black brother or sister? No difference between John and his wife Jan? No difference between friends Betty and Bill? That's right! That is what it says. And what it means is FREEDOM . . . for all of us.

Knowing this transforms me, and shapes my whole experience of—and in—the struggle for human liberation. How so? Does Paul's message that we are one in Christ topple society's walls that hem in men and women? Does it take away the pain of seeing suffering, humiliation, and self-destruction that are perpetuated by male/female roles in our society? No. The walls have not fallen down; and the pain is more poignant, not less so (isn't that always the case when we catch a clearer glimpse of the gulf separating who we are from what we are created to become?).

But my knowing that Christ has already accomplished the task of breaking down these "dividing walls of hostility" gives me eyes to see the reality of His Kingdom at hand, and hope for the fulfillment of His Kingdom to come. This nigger's gonna love Whitey even though Whitey doesn't know the war is over. I'm going to love him with the hard love that calls him to be fully human. And I will love her, my sister, with great expectation. After all, God the Parent of us all, Christ his Son, and the Holy Spirit created her in their very own image.

Do we not worship a God whose name is "I AM"? The gospel is that God in Christ has clothed you and me with a new personhood; I am empowered to be who I am by God's call. No vision is beyond you, sisters. No service is beneath you, brothers. No door may be legitimately closed to you, Woman; nor can you avoid the weighty challenge to responsibility. Yours is no longer an exclusive right and burden, Man. I challenge you, Women and Men, to re-create relationships that are vehicles and expressions of wholeness which is ours together in the New Creation.

Paul, in his letter to the Galatians, charged them to stand as people freed by Christ from old social and religious rules, and powerless gods. To these children of God's promise, Paul wrote, "Freedom is what we have—Christ has set us free. Stand, then, as free people, and do not allow yourselves to become slaves again . . . Only do not use your freedom as an opportunity for the flesh, but through love be servants of one another."



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Van Raalte on its way to becoming a legend

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MAY 1, 1980

(continued from p. 1)

manager, the deans (there were two then), and the registrar. Later, as deans multiplied, and alumni and public relations departments were started, more classrooms were pre-empted.

Finally the Administration had captured the whole first floor. The last holdout was the tiny office-west end—which held the two-man education department. (The chairman, Gerry Vander Borgh, was most reluctant to give up his strategic site. From his window he could watch the streams of students and keep abreast of the latest campus romances.)

It is hard, now, to believe that until 1958 more than half of all student classes were held in Van Raalte Hall. The rest were in Science Hall (now Lubbers), the Chapel, and a few in Graves Hall—which then also housed the college library. No wonder the break between classes was only five minutes. Die-hard conservative faculty and students fought hard the move in '58 to change to 10-minute breaks between classes. What a waste! After all, Van Raalte held the offices and classrooms for political science, history, Latin, Greek, philosophy, sociology, economics and business administration, English, speech, mathematics, and education. And, of course, also the administrative center. Hordes of students poured in and out of the building from 8:20 a.m.—after chapel—till 10 p.m., Monday through Friday. And for a short time there were even classes on Saturday morning. Van Raalte was the hub of the Hope universe.

Then there was the basement. In 1945 it was still primarily the retreat of the maintenance staff. But that soon ended. The space at the foot of the basement stairs acquired a table, and the Hope College book-store was born—run at first by the senior men who made up the honorary fraternity, Blue Key.

Their books were stored in a little closet—later to become part of the men's room! At first few faculty ordered books through this enterprise; most sent orders to the downtown bookstores. But as business expanded, the area now (until this Monday) housing the secretarial services was taken over from the janitors for the spacious new bookstore, and a full-time manager, E. Duffield ("Duffy") Wade, was appointed.

The old men's room in the basement was a cavernous place, with a big open space at one end, large enough to accommodate a ping-pong table. In the absence of any other student recreation center, a ping-pong table was installed, after heavy lobbying by the Student Council. Here, Guy Vander Jagt, now U.S. Congressman, hung out, practicing his slices and drives (he still plays a mean ping-pong game) between classes, and delivering prize orations and running Student Council.

Another corner of the basement housed Hope's Koffee Kletz—twice expanded by knocking holes in walls to add additional room. At first it was looked upon as a faculty hangout, but soon it became the real student center. In fact, when long dreamed-of DeWitt was finally under construction, a group of determined and already nostalgic students marched into the President's office with a petition to keep the Old Kletz. The new one would never do!

In those frantic days of expansion, the late '40s, not even the fourth-floor (the

attic) escaped the envious eyes of faculty. It was reachable only by a narrow, steep stairway, and held much old lumber, some dusty relics of mission centers in Arabia and Africa, a rock collection, and some moth-eaten stuffed birds and animals (including a stuffed gorilla that the Fraters spirited away each spring to plant at a more strategic place on campus, such as the window of the dean of women's apartment).

The College had just appointed, in 1946, the first staff person in the speech department who was specially trained in theatre, Edward Avison. Avie began casting longing eyes on that fourth floor as a possible site for the homeless theatre program and even got his student charges to begin clearing away debris. The villain who stopped this attempt was the local

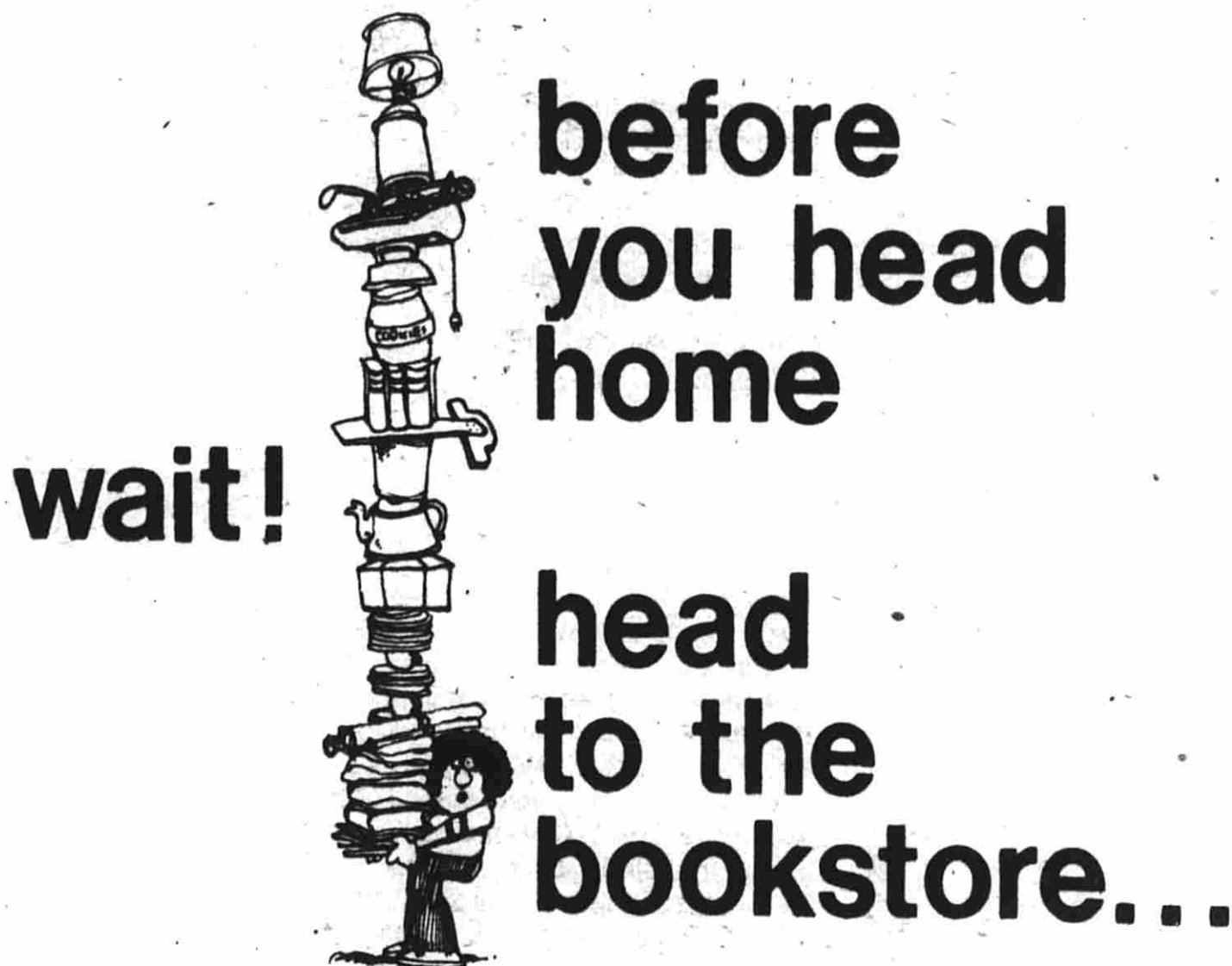
fire marshal.

Fire. The possibility of such a catastrophe was in the minds of administrative officers during all these changes. The open stairwell was especially dangerous—the only way from the third floor to the outdoors, except for the exterior fire escapes. So, periodically, as in the old grade school days, fire drills were held. Big signs on every floor emphasized NO SMOKING, but were not always heeded.

There were reluctant faculty, grumbling over having to go to the basement to have a smoke between classes. And then there were the students, in the pre-Van Zoeren days, who sought a quiet place to study (so they said) in the evenings and used the vacant classrooms for that purpose. Regularly, janitors would

complain of cigarette butts found in the waste baskets. Some day! But miraculously there was no fire—until Monday morning, long after Van Raalte Hall had ceased to be the hub of student activity.

Now, all that remains of Van Raalte Hall is to be found in the memories of countless Hope students and staff who trampled its corridors during the 77 years of its lifetime. Most of us who have spent much of our lives in Van Raalte Hall admit that it was a homely building. It was also inefficient—costly to heat, and in constant need of repair. But for a large segment of the history of Hope College it was the center of Hope. We will miss it—and remember it, and tell stories about it. And probably it will acquire the beauty that envelopes most legends of the past.



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HOW DOES BUY-BACK WORK?

During the last two weeks of the Spring and Fall Semesters a buy is held at the bookstore. There are two buys going on at the same time. First the store buys books that are being used the following semester at Hope. This is the bookstore buy and the prices paid are 50% of the current selling price on paperbacks and 60% on hardcovers. The quantities bought are sometimes limited by projected class enrollments and the number of books the store already has on hand.

The second buy is done for the Follett Used Book Co. in Chicago and the prices are the wholesale values listed in their "Blue Book" buying guide. In general, these prices range between 5% and 30% of the current selling price. The bookstore does not encourage students to sell books in this manner unless there seems to be no

indication that the book will be used again at Hope.

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In a given semester there are several factors that can cause a book not to be bought back at the 50%-60% price offered by the bookstore. Some of them are:

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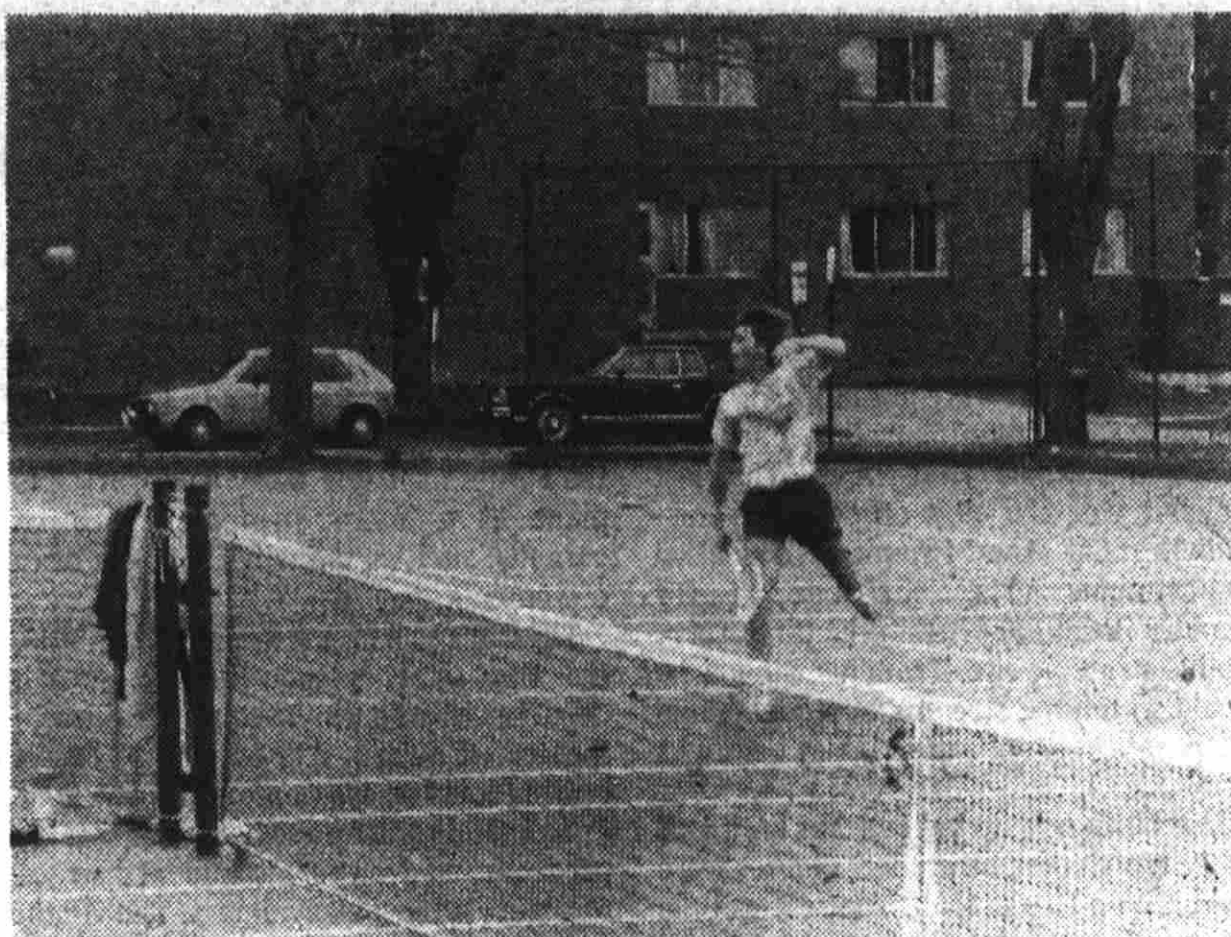
The women's tennis team remained the only first-place Dutch team as they took two league victories to raise their record to 3-0.

In last Wednesday's 7-2 victory over Kalamazoo the women netters showed their supremacy as six out of the seven victories were in straight sets, and the only losses were three-set affairs. Jane Decker, Nancy Iannelli, Tammy Diemer, and Kathy Kozelko won in both singles and doubles for the women.

Decker, Kozelko, Diemer, and Sally Getman anchored the troops with two victories as the ladies blitzed through their third straight MIAA opponent in Albion 6-3.

Decker is proving the backbone in singles for the women this year as she has an 8-1 record playing the first and second flights.

The ladies will now travel to the SMAIAW tourney at Kalamazoo with their 5-3 record on May 9 and 10.



The men's tennis team gave a mighty effort Saturday, but failed to beat the powerful Kalamazoo players in a 9-0 loss. (photo by Steve Goshorn)

Archery team off target

The Hope archery team had as rough a week as the campus, as they also suffered two losses. Kalamazoo and Albion were the culprits as the sharpshooters' record dropped to 2-4.

In the 1370-1142 Albion setback Leah Fisher notched up the highest total for the ladies with a 448. The rest of the team had a rough night, however, as Hope's second and third scorers, Dianne Thomas and

Sharon McKee, respectively, could only manage scores of 394 and 300.

In the team's final dual meet the ladies were defeated by over 200 again, the final score being 1456-1226. Fisher was again top scorer, with Thomas and McKee backing her up. Their scores were 450, 408, and 368, respectively.

The ladies will travel tomorrow for the two-day MIAA tournament at Kalamazoo.

Calvin runs over Hope

Hope's men's track team ran their victory streak to three as they defeated Kalamazoo handily 107-47 Wednesday. The streak was then broken Saturday as they lost a key meet to Calvin, 84-70.

The thinclads swept the high jump, long jump, and the pole vault in winning two-

thirds (12 out of 18) of the events. Winning those events were Chuck Aardema, Tom Hop, and Jon Lunderberg, respectively.

Others winners were Mark Southwell (1500 meters), Joel Martinus (100 hurdles), Glenn Luther (400 meters), Dave McKinney (100 meters and a second in the 200), Steve Hulst (800 meters), Paul Damon (javelin), Rich Gordon (200 meters), and Mark Northuis (5000 meters). Hope also won the 440-yard relay.

The sprints and a couple of the field events proved fatal to the Flying Dutchmen in the Calvin rivalry. Luther was the only one of the sprinters that could chalk up a victory as he took the 400 meters. Other than that Calvin won the 100 and 200 meters, the 110 and 400 hurdles, and the 400 relay.

Calvin also swept the field events in which it is traditionally strong, the javelin and the triple jump, to nail the coffin shut on the Flying Dutchmen.

Besides the sprints and the two field events already mentioned, the Dutchmen did just fine as they took nine of the remaining 11 events. Winning besides Luther were Mark Howard (10,000 meters), Southwell (1500), Hulst (800), Northuis (5000), Scot Vander Meulen (shot), Aardema (high jump), and Lunderberg (pole vault). The 1600-meter relay team was also victorious for the Dutch.

The team will take on Alma in their last dual of the season tomorrow and will travel to Albion for the league meet on May 8 and 9.

Men's tennis serves serves K-zoo a 9-0 victory

Once again the Kalamazoo men's tennis team showed why they are the class of the league as they rolled over the previously league-perfect Flying Dutchmen by a score of 9-0.

Tom De Weert and Jay Updegraff, playing in the second and third flight of singles respectively, came the closest to victory as they both forced their opponents into three sets.

De Weert lost a tough one as Barry Bedford bested him, barely, 7-5, 2-6, 6-2. Updegraff had a good chance at victory also as he took the first set 6-2, but then John Mansaudo took control and took the last two sets from Updegraff, 6-4 and 6-0.

Besides the K-zoo disappointment, the netters had a very good week as they took two victories, both by 7-2 scores, at the expense of Grand Valley and Calvin.

Leading the Orange and Blue to those victories were De Weert, Updegraff, Mark Johnson, and Paul Boersma, as each of the men took victories in both matches—De Weert in second singles, Updegraff in third, Johnson fourth, and Boersma sixth.

Updegraff is now 12-3 for the spring in singles. Ron McKee has the second-best percentage at 10-5 and Boersma is 7-3.

The victories gave the team a 3-1 league slate and it raised their record to 8-7 overall.

The team travels to Grand Rapids to play Junior College this afternoon and they will take on Alma at home on Saturday in their final MIAA match Saturday before the MIAA Tournament next Thursday and Friday (May 8 and 9).

Women runners stumble

The women's track team split a pair of meets last week to raise themselves out of the ranks of the winless. They defeated—rather, unmercifully slaughtered—Kalamazoo 173-92, but could not handle the Knights of Calvin as they dropped to them Saturday, 150-120.

The women simply dominated the Hornets as they captured the gold in 13 out of the 14 events and they swept the shot and the 880. Double winners for Hope were Debbie Bussema in the 100 and the 220 and Sue Williams in the shot and the discus. Williams' toss of 108'9½" in the discus was a new school record as it bettered her old school mark by seven

feet two inches.

Hope won seven out of the 14 events in the Calvin meet, but Calvin's team swept the 400 and the javelin, as well as taking both relays, to give them the margin of victory over the Dutch.

There were no double winners for the ladies; Bussema came the closest, winning the 100 and taking a second in the 200.

The two meets left the women with a 1-3 record for the MIAA season. The last meet of the season will be the league meet, to be held tomorrow and Saturday in Grand Rapids at Calvin's home field.

Van Raalte--replacing essentials

(continued from p. 7)

In the student accounts department, more than 75 percent of students' records were contained in the computer. Deborah Jordan, supervisor of student accounts, commented that "students should have little problem with their accounts records." What Jordan does ask is that "students be patient when problems do

arise in the current situation."

Because no permanent records are kept for housing, assistant dean of students Bruce Johnston foresaw no real problem in being able to recreate lost records. Students are being asked this week to notify their resident assistants as to the rooms they chose for next year and whether they will require summer housing.



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